

# AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER

## OUTPOURINGS OF DEVOTEE'S HEART

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Sweet Master! O Savior of the sinners, save me from the pit of hell which burns ceaselessly in the limbo of my self. What pestilential fires burn there, what choking gases and bedarkening clouds gush out from that hidden furnace! O deadly fires which crackle and consume, O sulphurous vapours, O confused rumblings of the perverted self! Save me, O Lord from the volcanic upheaval of the flesh and its all-consuming lava! Lord-Guru wilt Thou not step in and save souls doomed to eternal perdition even as Sodom and Gomorrah of old, O Redeeming Saviour?

2. Father! Thy son who is not worthy of being so-called, erred and erred grievously, he went astray and wandered aimlessly all these years like a street dog, he ill-spent the riches that Thou didst so lavishly shed on him. Verily, he lived the incontinent life of the Prodigal Son. O Father, wilt Thou not open Thy doors to him, wilt Thou not hug him to Thine loving breast, wilt Thou not treat him even as one of the many servants of Thine world-wide Household? O merciful Guru who watches and waits at the crossways of Eternity ready to forget and forgive!!

3. Father! Thou didst give the very Keys of Thine Household to Thine son, but he did not so much as look at them, and he let them rust in the vest-pocket of his heart. The child who is thus shut out, self locked, self-imprisoned beggeth and crieth: Father, wilt Thou not repolish Thine Keys and re-entrust them to Thine heedless child? O time ill-spent, O opportunities wasted!! O ever-kind Guru!!

4. Father! Thou didst decorate the treasure of mine heart with all that is good, great and sweet, but how foolish was I when under the spell of the old Magician, the wizard-Maya, I exchanged the old Lamp of Allahdin, that wonderful lamp of devotion, for the new lamp of so-called learning, and preferred the pleasant to the good, tinsel instead of gold! Ah, the folly

of it, ah long-deferred yet ever-imminent Day of judgment! O Treasure-House of Grace, wilt Thou not turn me once again into the pure Gold that I once was by the mystic touch of the Philosopher's Stone which Thou holdest in the palm of Thine Hand, which Thou offerest to one and all, if only they pray for it? How wonderful Thine all-enlightening Touch, O Fountain of Light, O Sat-Guru!!

5. Almighty Judge, and Master! For every sin that I have done, I see a Sword of Damocles hanging on my head; the whole atmosphere is, indeed, a suffocating array of serried swords. I see hundred and one spectres seething in the air, every inch of the ground is crammed with apparitions of my evil thoughts. O moving hell, O weird witch's dance of evil passions, O blood-sucking of the rapacious harpies! Compassionate Guru! pour forth Thine cool stream of blissful Amrit from the bowls of compassion in Thine ever-melting mood of loving kindness.

6. Father! Thou didst fill the granary of my heart with milk-white wheat but I went to the market of the world and bartered it for cheap oats which I sowed wild in the barren soil of my feverish self. The crop has come up and my heart is now a tangled web of most noxious weeds of ill-assorted dreams and fretful fancies. O Gardener Guru! wilt Thou not return to Thine erstwhile arable land burn it, plough it and sow it afresh with the seed of Thy love?

7. Father! Thou didst feed the fertile Ind of my heart with the life-giving waters of the Holy Ganges, but I burnt up the sweet orchards planted by Thee, and turned it into a howling desert of worldliness, where jackals of hypocrisy and reindeers of evil thoughts abound. Soft-hearted Master, wilt Thou not shed on it the Monsoon of Thine Grace and turn this sun-scorched Sahara into the land of leal once again!!

8. Father! Thou didst turn the

wind-swept land of the five rivers of my heart into a veritable heaven, but I let loose in it incendiary fires of passions, and the blasting simoons of evil thoughts. Tender-hearted Father, wilt Thou not come back to Thine Home within me, and turn it one more into Sachkhand!!

9. Father! Thou didst make that heavenly Pool of Immortality on earth where the thirsty could drink the Nectar of Life and die no more. Pious Master wilt Thou not reveal the same Tank in the innermost recesses of my heart, for as Thou knowest, I am maim and cannot walk, I am cripple and cannot creep, I am blind and cannot see, I am deaf and cannot hear.....but withal I have a parched soul which hath long dog-like tongue thirsting for the Life-giving Juice! O Grand Architect, the Maker of the Amritsar Pool on this sordid earth!!

10. Father! Thou didst make that all-holy Bible which is the Bible of all Bibles, quintessence of the universe dependable raft for crossing the stormy ocean of life, raft which is self-propelled from age to age to endless eternity; wilt Thou deny to me the lift for which I am crawling from amceba upwards in endless eons of time, watching and waiting for my turn! Great Reckoner, wilt Thou not take me up on that Raft, at last, at long last!!

11. Father! this little pen of the heart is all-a thirst for but one fleeting glimpse of that Pen which brought the Ad-Granth into existence, the Lord, the Guru and the Master for all time, for all eternity!! Out how can this little self dare look in the face of that august Self that Divine Effulgence:

The Inscrutable Pen that writest destinies

Is in Thine sweet hands, O Dear,

Lo! that immaculate Presence, that over-flooding Beauty

Is here, there and everywhere!!

(Punahs, V)

### Y. M. SIKH ASSOCIATION CHAKWAL

#### Election of Office-bearers

Annual election of the Young Men Sikh Association Chakwal for office-bearers was held on 1-6-34 with the following result:—

Doctor Amar Singh, President. Mistri Sohan Singh, Vice-President. S. Ram Singh, General Secretary. S. Gopal Singh, Secretary. B. Milkhi Chand, Cashier.